Clambring to hang, an enuious sluer broke,
When downe her weedy trophæs and her selfe,
Fell in the weeping Brooke, her clothes spred wide,
And Mermaide-like a while they bore her vp,
Which time she chaunted snatches of old laudes,
As one incapable of her owne distresse.
Or like a creature native and indewed
Vnto that element, but long it could not be
Till that her garments heauy with their drinke,
Puld the poore wench from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas then is she drownd.

Quee. Drownd, drownd.

Lar. Too much of water hast thou poore *Ophelia*,
And therefore I forbid my teares; but yet
It is our tricke, nature her custome holds,
Let shame say what it will, when these are gone,
The woman will be out. Adiew my Lord,
I haue a speecha fire that fainewould blase,
But that this folly drownes it *Exit.*

King. Let's follow *Gertrard*,
How much I had to doe to calme his rage,
Now feare I this will giue it start againe,
Therefore lets follow. *Exeunt.*

Enter two Clownes.

Clowne. Is she to be buried in Christian buriall, when she wilfully seekes her owne saluation?

Othe. I tell thee she is, therfore make her graue straight, the crowner hath sate on her, and finds it Christian buriall.

Clow. How can that be, vnlesse she drown'd herselfe in her owne defence.

Oth. Why tis found so.

Clow. It must be so offended, it cannot be else, for heere lyes the poynt, if I drowne my selfe wittingly, it argues an act, and an act hath three branches, it is to act, to doe, to performe, or all; she drownd her selfe wittingly.

Oth. Nay, but heare you good man deluer.

Clow. Giue me leaue, here lies the water, good, here stands the man,

man, good, if the man goe to this water & drowne himselfe, it is will he, nill he, he goes, marke you that, but if the water come to him, and drowne him, he drownes not himselfe, argall, he that is not guilty of his owne death. shortens not his owne life.

Oth. But is this law?

Clow. I marry i'st, Crowners quest law.

Oth. Will you ha the truth an't, if this had not beene a gentlewoman, she should haue bin buried out a Christian buriall.

Clow. Why there thou sayst, and the more pitty that great folke should haue countenance in this world to drown or hang themselues, more then their euen Christen: Come my spade, there is no auncient gentlemen but Gardners, Ditchers, and Graue-makers, they hold vp Adams profession.

Oth. Was he a gentleman?

Clow. A was the first that euer bore armes.

Ile put another question to thee, if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confesse thy selfe.

Oth. Goe to.

Clow. what is he that builds stronger then either the Mason, the Shipwright, or the Carpenter.

Oth. the gallowes-maker, for that out-liues a thousand tennants.

Clow. I like thy wit well in good faith, the gallowes dooes well, but how dooes it well? It dooes well to those that do ill, now thou doost ill to say the gallowes is built stronger then the Church, argal, the gallowes may doe well to thee. Too't againe, come.

Other. Who builds stronger then a Mason, a Shipwright, or a Carpenter.

Clow. I, tell me that and vnyoke.

Oth. Marry now I can tell.

Oth. Too't.

Clow. Masse I cannot tell.

Clow. Cudgell thy braines no more about it, for your dull asse will not mend his pace with beating, and when you are askt this question next, say a graue-maker, the houses he makes last tell Doomesday. Goe get thee in and fetch me a soope of liquer.

In youth when I did loue did loue, Song.
Me thought it was very sweet
To contract O the time for a my behoue,
O me thought there a was nothing a meet.